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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
 Office on Main Street, Mount Sterling, Ky.
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J. M. BENT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
 MOUNT STERLING, KY.
 WILL practice in Montgomery, Bath and the adjoining counties. REFERENCE—General Wm. L. Jackson, formerly Judge of the 10th judicial Circuit of Va., and now resident Attorney, Louisville, Kentucky.
 OFFICE—Up Stairs, entrance one door below Reese's Jewelry Store.
 Jan. 2-17

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 Will attend promptly to all business connected to his care.
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RICHARD REID, J. DAVIS REID
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
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 Will attend promptly to all business connected to their care. Special attention will be given to the collection of all Claims against the United States Government.
 Jan. 2-17

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 WILL practice in Montgomery, Bath, Powell, Wolfe, Morgan, Magoffin counties, and in the Court of Appeals.
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 Will practice in Montgomery, Bath, Powell, and Clarke counties, and in the Court of Appeals.
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E. P. DRAKE, M. D. R. Q. DRAKE, M. D.
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 Office and rooms over Wynn's Grocery, where they may always be found except when absent on professional business.
 Special attention given to chronic sickness.
 Jan. 30-31

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 Office over Maupia's Shoe Store.
 Jan. 3-17

DR. JAMES THORNTON,
Practicing Physician.
 MT. STERLING, KY.
 TENDERS his professional services to the people of Mt. Sterling and vicinity.
 Office and Residence on Main Street opposite the Presbyterian Church.
 apr. 3-4mo

DR. HANCOCK & GURBANY,
Physicians and Surgeons.
 Office opposite National Hotel, Mt. Sterling.
 Where one of them may always be found, day and night unless professionally absent.
 Jan. 5-6m.

ROBERT MOORE,
Portrait, Animal and Landscape Painter.
 PORTRAITS of fine stock, and horses, painted on reasonable terms. Photographic portraits enlarged to any size up to life, on paper or canvass painted in oil colors.
 STUDIO—Over Tallaferro & Co's store, Winchester, Ky.
 mar. 24-31m

JNO. STUART, BEN. TAYLOR, JAS. STUART,
STUART, TAYLOR & CO.,
Commission Merchants.
 AND DEALERS IN
 Grain and Country Produce Generally,
 COAL, SALT, LUMBER, ETC.
 Yard and Warehouse, near Freight Depot.
 Jan. 23-17

G. C. KNIFFIN,
 —DEALER IN—

Cooking Ranges, Stoves, Grates,
Iron and Marble Mantles,
Tin-Ware, Pumps, Wooden-Ware,
AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, &C.,
MAIN STREET, (Hinton's Block), PARIS, KY.
 Jan. 23-17

KENTUCKY HOTEL
 Cor. Main & Maysville Sts.,
 MT. STERLING, KY.

MRS. MARY CARTER, Press,
 THIS House has recently been thoroughly refurnished, and is now in complete order for the reception of guests.
 The proprietress, thankful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to her house, begs leave to re-assure all who may extend to her the patronage, that no efforts will be spared on the part of her or her assistants, to render them the utmost satisfaction. Her

TABLE
 Is at all times supplied with the best market affords. This
SALOON
 Is under the management of Mr. J. W. Bun, who is supplied with the choicest foreign and Domestic Liquors, Fine Cigars, To bacco, &c.
 Jan. 9.

JOB WORK
 NEATLY EXECUTED
 AT THE SENTINEL OFFICE.

THE KENTUCKY SENTINEL.

VOLUME I.

MOUNT STERLING, KY., THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1868.

NUMBER 22.

Select Poetry.

[From the Atlantic Monthly, for May.]
THE CLEAR VISION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I did but dream. I never knew
 What charms our sternest season wore.
 Was never yet the sky so blue,
 Was never earth so white before.
 Till now I never saw the glow
 Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
 And never learned the bough's designs
 Of beauty on its leafless lines.
 Did ever such a morning break
 As that my eastern windows see?
 Did ever such a moonlight take
 Wierd photographs of shrub and tree?
 The music of the winter street?
 Was ever yet a sound by half
 So merry as yon schoolboy's laugh?
 O Earth! with gladness overfraught,
 No added charm thy face hath found;
 Within my heart the change is wrought,
 My footsteps make enchanted ground.
 From couch of pain and cramped room
 Forth to thy light and air I come,
 To find in all that meets my eyes,
 The freshness of a glad surprise.
 Fair seem these winter days, and soon
 Shall blow the warm west winds of spring,
 To set the unbound rills in tune,
 And hither urge the blue bird's wing.
 The vales shall laugh in flow'ers, the woods
 Grow moist green with leafing buds,
 And violets and wind-flowers sway
 Against the throbbing heart of May:
 Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own
 The wisest love severely kind;
 Since, richer for his chastening gown,
 I see, whereas I once was blind.
 The world, O Father, hath not wronged
 With loss the life by Thee prolonged;
 But still, with every added year,
 More beautiful thy works appear.

As Thou hast made Thy world without,
 Make Thou more fair my worlds within;
 Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;
 Rebuke its haunting phantasies of sin;
 Fill, brief or long, my granted span
 Of life with love to Thee and man;
 Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest;
 But let my last day be my best.

Miscellaneous.

SUT LOVINGOOD'S YARNS.

Sut Lovingood's Dog.

"Boys, I never told any on ye ova my dog scrape, did I?"
 "No, Sut, not as we know; ye've mixed up dog so in all yer doings, that we can't tel exactly what dog scrape ye mean."
 "Well, I mean ole 'Stuff-gut.' Did any on ye ever see him?"
 "No."
 "Well, ye missed a site. He wur a powerful dog, an sometimes ye'd think that he wur two or three dogs, of ye seed him eat; not a countin ova his tail, for he hadn't any. When he wur a pup, dad, darin him, tuk him to a straw-cutter, jammed his stern clost up in the frame over the cussed gullotine, an foteh down the knife, an ther lay the whole tail in the troff, like a letter S, an here run the pup a youlin like a hound, an his starn looked like foud busted a ripe tomato onto hit. Well, it changed his looks mately, an his nater more. Now as to his looks, rite onto the spot whar his tail orter staid, ther growd a bunch ova stiff, ash-cullurd bristles, what pinte every way, like onto a split broom with the rappin out loose, an rite in the middil ova all this fuzzy lookin patch ova har, the pint ova his backbone, kivered with a gristil, stek out like onto a pig-din's eig, eaze he sot onto hit so much. Well, the afar looked mity sassy and fite like, any how, particularly when he wur struttin up to a big strange dog to smell ova im. It made his starn look hier than his sholders, pupendicular and squar; an he hed a way ova walkin slow an solemn like I've seed yung fellers du at camp-meetin when approachin ova a gal at the spring with ther stud-hoss clos on, agwine sory-side ways an mity keeful. I've seed little hogs go through the same motions, run in a patch orchard, an futher in the lane, when they sot they wanted to fite, an wud a dun hit but for the fence what wur between em. I never found out that he wur good for anything but to keep bred frum mouldin, an meat frum spilin; an when he wanted to show glad, es he hed no tale to wag, he wagged his hole sturn, an his hine foot slipped about on the gronn sory like a fashunabl gal walks when she thinks sum he feller is lookin at or. He wur cullurd adzackly like a mill-dewd saddle skit; an he korrer his years on a nowin sort of cock, like onto a mule's when he is skeerd. He'd whiskers round his eyes, an on his hine laigs, an trust had a powful activ conscience, fur he wur the meanest continedd dog I ever seed in my life. Now as to his nater, ye cud never set his ontu anything ye wanted to, an cudn't call hit often anything he got arter on his own accord. He wur skeerd all the time, an stud redy to run or to steal, as the chances mout be; an takin im altogether, he wur jis the rite sort ova a

dog to belong to me—not wurth a durn, an orter been killed afore his eyes got open. "Well, Stuff-gut he follered me to town wun day jis eaze I didn't want im; an while I wur gittin on a hed ova steam at the doggerly, he started run town on a stealin expedition ova his own, an like his cussed fole owner, got hisself inter a fust rate scrape an skeer, without half tryin, an in less nor no time at that.
 "I hed gin myself a shake in the doggerly, an hear the whisky in me slosh, I knowd I hed my load aboard, so I cam out into the street, an the—just thing I seed he cam a tavin down the street fifteen times faster nor I thot he end run, jis a bowin ova hisself, his years sot flat onto his neck, an his bristles all sot like a black peach's top fin, his eyes shot up fast and tite, an he hed on a sory ova harness made strider strings, sory like the set d'ad wore when he acted hoss, an he wer handin ova an ole stage lantern an lit filled with wet powder, an sot afire.
 "Now the sparks, an the scizlin an the dust, an the ratlin, an the youlin, an growlin, an barkin, and the eighty-nine or ninety dogs ova all kinds what wur a chasin ova him, made sum sensashun. "Well—hit—did. Whew—w! I thot I seed him pass without nowin me! When ova Dad's ho'net tribulashun, an felt that thar wur such a thing as a tribulashun at las; an then I got that an looked roun fur sum one to vent rath on, an seed a long-legged cuss, sory ova the Lovingood stripe, with his hat cocked before, sittin a straddil ova a hoss-rack; a stringin his legs an a singin—
 "Rack, rack Davy, rarin up behind, You show me your foot, an I'll show you mine."
 "Thanks I, yu'll do, of yu didn't start my dog on that hellward expedition ova his'n, yu'll do it put on enyhow, so here goes. Sez I: 'Mister, what-hed-my-dog-dun-tu-yu?' He pade no tention, but kep on a singin—
 "Rack, rack Davy, daddy shot a bird, Shot 'em in the eye an never shot a bar."
 "I seed it wur no use tryin to breed a quarrel; so that I mout be able to breed a fite, an I jist lent him a slatharin calamity, rite whar his nose commenced a sproutin frum atween his eyes, wif a ruff rock onto the size ova a goose aig. Hit foteh im! He drapped ova the hoss-rack, but hit a squirrel holt onto the pole wif his paws an hine feet, an hung back down. I jumped hed fust through, atween his belly an the pole; my belt broke his holt, an we cam to the ground a fite—me undermost, an turned heads an tails. So the fust thing I did, was to shut my jaws onto a mouthful ova his steak, n onto the place whar yer foot itches to go when yu ar in kickin distance ova a fop. He fit tuitally fur the chance he had, but I soon seed he had a cross ova bar in im, fur he cudn't stand ticklin at all; fur every time he got his hine legs under him, he tried his darndest to jump loose; but my holt hilt, an we would take our fust persian agin. I thot ova a box of natches what I hed in my pocket, so I foteh the whole boxful a rake onto the gravel, an stuffed em all a blazin inter one ova the pockets in his coat-tail. Now, mind, he noud nuthin ova these persidens, fur his mind wur exercised powful onto the hurtin I wur a helpin im to behine. I noud he'd soon show strong signs ova wantin to go. So the fust big rare he foteh arter the fire reached his hide, I jist let my mouth fly open—so—an he went! his hole tail in a blaze!

"Rite here, boys, I must tell yu smethin I didn't no myself, an durn me, ef I hedn't let him beat me inter a potilis, afore I'd sot him on fire—I'd a seed him durnd fust. The thot on it skeers me yet. He had two pounds ova gunpowder in tother pocket, a takin home to a shootin match.
 "Well, he aimed to run past a tin pedlin waggin what was a standin ova the street, with a fust-rate set ova ole live hoss between the shafts, while the Yankee wur in the doggerly, a flirin up to leave town. Jist as he got clost in the carryall, the powder cotch fire an soon arterwards went off, an so did he, head fust, frog fashion, rite thrin the topload ova tin war. He lit a runnin ten foot futher ad; his coat-tails wur blowed off in his sholders, the hine and ova his gallasess wur rapel round his neck, the tale ova his shut was loose, an up in the air thirty feet, still a risin an blazin like a komit; his bristles hung loose on the frunt side, like onto a forked apron, while the sittin part ova em was blowed to kingdom cum, and so wur everything else belongin to that regin, while his back was as black as a side ova upper lethier. It rained tin buckets, an strainers, an tin cups, an pepper boxes, an pans, ar stage ho'ns, all over that street, fur two minits an a alf.
 "Now that explosion, an the tin war ratlin an a raimin, made a rite peart noise, specially ova a still day, in fac, enuf to wake up the ole hoss bones an gin him the idear that he'd best leave town quick; so he laid his years back an straitened out his

tail an shot. He made kindlin wood outen the waggin agin a sine-post, an betuck hisself to the woods, stretched out about twenty feet long, an not mor'n three feet high on the withers, with jis about enuf harness stickin to him to make a culler for a bell cow.
 "That wur wun cussed nutmeg-makin Yankee broke plum up, an I'm durnd glad ova it. Old Rack Back Davy, the hoss-rack man, made fur the river, an I follwed to the bank to see ef he hedn't drowned hisself; but no sir! Thar he wur, about the middil ova the river, a swimmin fur luther bank, jist a splitin the warter wide open an his busted britches legs a floatin arter him. He looked over his sholder every uther lick like he spected to see the devil; his face wur as black as a pot, sept a white ring roun his eyes, an the smoke wur still har. His hed, boys, in that river, was the ugliest, scurriest, an savidgest site I ever seed or spect to see in this world, eny how. I dreams ova it yet o'nights, an it skears the sweet outen me. I seed a lot ova fellers a fishin outen the bank, so I thot I'd help him on a littil flater, an I hollered, 'ketch the murderer, five hundred dollars an a big hoss reward. He's killed an oman an nine children, an I spek a dog, an like to whipper another plum to deth.' They jumped intur thar canoes an tuck arter him, openin on his trail like a pack ova hounds. The last I ever seed ova him, he wur a rickit up the tother bank, on his all-fours, an looked like an ole bar what hed jist cum outen a harycano.

"He still kept up his lookin back, an I spek wur the worst scared man in the world, an ef he nint ded, he's runnin yet. The idear now begin to soak thru my har that owin to the fuss Stuff-gut an me hed raised, that perhaps I'd better scoot, left they mout want me. So I left in a peart trot, an soon got on ole Stuff's trail. I wur like a waggin hed been drug upside down by a par ova runaway mules, an the dry grass an leaves, an in sum places the fences wer sot afire. He tuck to the mountains, an turned wolf, an tuck up the trade ova sheep-killin fur a livin, an the hole settlement is now orter arter his scalp. That trip to town, like the chittin-box, he changed his dispersion agin, all shovin the powful changes that kin be made in even a dog. I cum outen that scrape purty well, yet I hed to show the family persuasion to make d—d fools ova therselfs.
 "How, Sut?"
 "Why, I ought to a teted off a lode ova that permitts tin war. Oughtn't I say?"

Pleasant.
 To be an editor. If you let everything go as it happens, you are a wooden man. If you attempt to do your duty, you are trying to rule the country. You are abused for not publishing any news, and then you are worse abused when you do publish the news. People will take offense if you notice them in your paper, or if you don't—so you never know whether you are to meet a man as you parted with him or not.
 Your party demands the most implicit allegiance, and on election day, when your prestige, which is your all, is at stake, it heedlessly or purposely abstains from voting, and allows you to be beaten to death. If you are neutral on politics you are of no account to anybody. You can't support one party never so candidly, and high mindfully without being denounced as all that is mean by the other.
 If you admit that your political opponents are men, acting from as-sincere and conscientious motives as your own, you are in the market for buyers. That you can have other than a mercenary or selfish motive, even in your prayer, is scouted.
 Your editorials are termed scurrilous by your enemies and tame by your friends. You are not ready if your paper isn't spicy, and your paper isn't fit to be received into a decent family if it is spicy. If you should take notice of every cut strapping at your heels, on the contrary, you would be a blackguard and an idiot in the bargain. Moreover you would soon be food for worms, for you would have a fight on hand every hour in the day, and an assassin like attack at least once every night. It is well for the editor and the devils in hell that there is a great deal of us.

A Yankee having told an Englishman that he shot, on one particular occasion, 800 snipe; his interlocutor asked him why he didn't make it a thousand at once. "No," said he, "it's not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one snipe." Whereupon the Englishman, determined not to be outdone, began to tell a story of a man having swam from Liverpool to Boston. "Did you see him yourself?" "Why, yes, of course I did; I was coming across, and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston Harbor." "Well, I'm glad you saw him stranger; 'coz yer a witness that I did it. That was me!"

"Home, Sweet Home."
 Night dropped her shadowy veil over London, and the mantle of mists that all day long had enveloped the city, grew more dense, and fell in beaded drops of rain. The gas-lights burned brightly at the corners, but it was a dreary night to be out in. Yet crowds filled the streets, for even in night storms, the great thoroughfares are never deserted. Guilt and wretchedness are always wakeful and abroad. To realize a desolation of loneliness, one must be a stranger in a crowded city, with a sensitive nature, and a refinement that shinks from rude contacts, and unco-geographical companionship.
 Alone in the country, with the blue sky above us, and the green grass beneath our feet, there are charms that woo us to forgetfulness. There is music in the running stream, and beauty in the flowers that grow upon its banks. Some German writers—have forgotten who—have called flowers the stars of earth, and stars the flowers of heaven. Fair and radiant flowers they are and shed their brightness on the smoke-wreathed city, but in their matchless, softened, and fellethel light, seem to linger more pleasantly on green fields and waving corn.
 Alone in London! Dreary and desolate reality, that swelled almost to bursting a weary and aching heart. The stranger gathered his thin cloak around his shivering form, and drew his face, with a sensitive shinking from the crowd that rudely jostled past him. He was alone in London, and very poor, not even a shilling to procure a scanty supper.
 Somewhere in a dark part of the city, where the gas-lights were few, up many flights of stairs, was the garret in which he slept, but in it there was nothing save the darkness, one broken chair, and a wretched bed with its scanty covering.
 When he entered this desolate chamber in nights like this, an unseen company surrounded him; the spirits of the wretched, and in the wailing of the wind, they told his strange mysterious tale of wretchedness and dread, until, half wild with dark imaginings, he rushed forth in the night and the pelting storm. Thus through the chilling sleet and rain he walked the streets, looking into the hard faces of the passers-by, and wondering if, in all London there was another man who had no one to care for him, no one to love him. And then he thought how deliciously strange it would seem to him—a stranger and a wanderer for many years—to be loved.

Years passed away, and still he was a homeless wanderer. Often in the streets of London, Berlin, and Paris, he heard "Home, Sweet Home," which in all lands and all hearts had become a household word.
 Later in life he became consul to Tunis, and died a stranger in a strange land. Never, save in his dreams, had he known the bliss of "Home, Sweet Home!"

Western Ideas of "Fun."

A Wisconsin paper gives the following graphic but not flattering illustration of society in Oshkosh, in the same State. A minister from a neighboring town started to go one day last week, on a kind of missionary enterprise. He drove his own team, and when within about six miles of the end of his journey, he met a man limping along, with the blood running down the side of his face. The minister asked him if that was the road to Oshkosh. "Yes, you are on the right road. I just came from there. I have been up there having a little fun with the boys." About two miles further on he met another man, one arm in a sling; one eye badly bunged, and his clothing in a dilapidated condition. "How far is it to Oshkosh?" asked the minister. "Only (h-i-c) five miles," answered the pitiable object. "Oshkosh is a live town. I've been up there having fun with the boys." With a sad heart the minister drove on, falling into reverie on the depravity of man in general, and the Oshkoshians in particular, when he suddenly came upon a man sitting by the side of the road. One arm was sprained, one ear had been bitten off, and, seated by the side of a puddle of water, he was seeking relief by bathing the part affected. "The minister was perfectly awe-stricken. Stopping his horse he inquired of the man what terrible accident had befallen him. "O, not any at all," faintly responded the bleeding wreck; "I have only been up to Oshkosh, having a little fun with the boys." "I suppose you mean by that that you have been engaged in some brutalizing fight," said the minister. "Yes," said the man, "I heard that's what they call it down at Fond du Lac, where they are civilized; but they don't call it by that name up at Oshkosh. There they call it having a little fun with the boys." "What do you suppose your wife will say when she sees you?" asked the reverend gentleman. "At this the man looked up with a sardonic smile. Putting his remaining wild hand in a pocket, he pulled out a piece of nose, lock of hair, to which a part of the scalp was attached, and a piece of flesh he had bitten from the cheek of his opponent, and holding them up to the minister's inspection growled out, "There, what do you suppose his wife will say when she sees him." This was a squelcher. As anxious as the minister was to overcome sin and do good, he was not yet prepared to invade the devil's strong-hold; and, turning round, he returned home. The next time he starts on a missionary enterprise to the frontier of Oshkosh, he will take good care not to go alone. He'll take a little fun, now and then, but he don't care about having it with the boys.

Girls—A Composition.
 BY A VERY SMALL BOY.
 I don't like girls. Girls is very different from what boys is. Girls don't play marbles, and also girls don't play hookey. I played hookey once and got whipped for it. Girls sometimes get whipped, but not so much as boys, their clothes ain't so well suited for it, that is the reason, I suppose. I never see no girls play base ball, but they say they do in Boston. I was never in Boston. There is plenty of girls in Boston and big organs. Last year when I was young the teacher made me set with the girls because I was naughty. I cried. Big boys like girls better than little boys. I went on a sleigh ride one night with my sister Nancy and Tom Sykes. We were going to New Hartford, and when we got up by Peggs' tavern, Tom asked me to look in the bottom of the sleigh for his whip, and while I was looking he fired off a torpedo. I asked him if he had any more torpedoes, and he said no, but he fired off another when I wasn't looking. Girls don't like to have men kiss them. They always say "don't." If they wasn't fools they would turn their heads the other way, but they never do that. I saw Tom kiss Nancy once, and I went and told my mother. Then my mother put me to bed. When a girl takes out her handkerchief in the street to wipe her nose, the young men who earn their living by standing in front of the Pine Block always wipes there noses at the same time, if they see her. Girls get married sometimes, but not always. Those that don't get married don't want to. When they get married they have wedding cake. I like wedding cake, but I do not see any fun in getting married—especially to a girl.—THE END.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN MEN.—There are lots of young men with whom the spending of money is a positive disease. They constantly demonstrate the truth of the familiar proverb. There is a sort of fatal profusion in their habits. Women are accused very unfairly of being extravagant. As a rule, men are far more so, and the account against them is principally due to those who fritter every thing they gain or sell in numberless and flameless trifles. A woman has a natural title to being well clad, be being, indeed, clad so as to make the most of her appearance. She has a sense for jewelry. To dilly her ornaments is to stifle a genuine and reasonable instinct. But a man who parts with a considerable portion of his income in order to comply with every freak of his tailor, and who really seems to have only used his brains upon the patterns of neckties, is one of the most pitiable creatures alive. A gentleman ought to be correctly and neatly dressed. There is something revolting, as well as startling, in the style in which the unfortunate London cad thrusts out to air himself on the tops of omnibuses and on the penny steamboats on Sunday. Still, the extremes meet. The cad is not, in all probability, a greater jackass than the person he mimics. He is also extravagant in his own miserable way. He has given more than he can afford for his flaring scarf with his horrible brass pins; his embroidered shirt-front, and all the rest of his life paraphernalia. Extravagance is not confined to a class. Solid working men spend proportionately as much in beer-houses and music halls as those above them do in clubs and at the opera, or theater.

That is the purest greatness and the firmest strength which overcomes the toughest obstacles to a lofty and holy life; and these obstacles, every practical Christian will confess, are the little cares and trifling perplexities and incessant temptations of experience. These are the snags that worry the sturdiest virtue. Goliath was proof against a steel-clad array, and not against the despical weapon, David's sling; and many a moral giant had fallen before as puny an attack.—Thomas Staff King.

BEGINNING THE WORLD.—Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world; as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by relatives, is like tying bladders under the one who cannot swim: tea chaffers to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will not need bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made obedient to the laws which govern men, and you have given him what will be more valuable than the wealth of the Indies. To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast in the very lap of fortune; for our faculties then undergo the development, and display an energy of which they were previously unconscious.

Work, without useful aim of end, is not occupation nor employment. When the tread-mill was introduced as a model of punishment; the wretched prisoners felt themselves more degraded by "doing nothing," as they called it, than by their crimes. How many ladies in fashionable life are doomed for years to feel the bitterness of "doing nothing." What wonder if they are nervous, irritable and diseased. Useful work; or satisfactory employment; is as essential to the health of the mind as that of the body.

URGENT.—A young girl in the last stages of paterfamilias this warns her dearest "cum."
 "Dear Gin, cum rite off if you are cuming at all. El Collins is insistin I shall have him, and he hugs and kisses me so konfidently that I can't hold out much longer, but will hev to have in."

Two street-sweepers were overheard discussing the merits of a new hand who had that day joined their gang. "Well Bill, what do you think of the new-comer?" "Oh, I don't reckon much on him; he's all very well for a bit up and down sweepin," shaking his head, "let 'im try a bit of fancy work around the post, and you'll see he'll make a poor hand of it."

A little four-year-old child, in Portland, told his father he was a fool. On being reproached by his mother, and required to say he was sorry, toddled up to the insulted parent and exclaimed: "Papa, I'm sorry you're a fool."

A young lady from the country, now visiting in the city, writes home that "Nobody isn't nothing now, which doesn't hold up her cloz, and the hier you can hole 'em the more you air noticed."

STIPULATIONS WITH ADVERTISERS.
 Advertisements ordered for less than one month will be charged fifty cents per square for each insertion after the first. Special notices 15 cents a line for the first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
 Marriages and deaths inserted gratuitously. Obituary notices ten cents per line.
 The price is extended to annual advertisers will be strictly confined to their own business, and advertisements occupying more space than contracted for, or advertisements foreign to the legitimate business of the contracting parties will be charged for extra, at our published rates.

KENTUCKY SENTINEL.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
WILL T. HANLY,
AT \$5 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

MOUNT STERLING, KY.
THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1868.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN W. STEVENSON.
FOR APPELLATE JUDGE,
BELVARD J. PETERS.
FOR CIRCUIT COURT JUDGE,
JOHN M. ELLIOTT.
FOR CIRCUIT COURT CLERK,
JOHN R. P. TUCKER.

Impeachment.

It seems that "old Grimes is not dead"—it is impeachment. Grimes still lives; impeachment is no more. On the 26th ult., as the preacher said about his wife, it took the train for immortality. It passed in silence to its last resting place. Its days were brief but delightful. Its glory was as the flower of the grass. It came forth in the morning and in the evening it was cut down. It was of few days and full of troubles. It was born in the House of Representatives in February and died in May—a little while after the "apple-blossoms." "Whom the Gods love, die young." Its father was Thad. Stevens, an old gentleman of great years and failing health, and hence the premature dissolution of the illustrious offspring. Its mother was Edwin M. Stanton, an old granny who lived in a fine house known as the War Department. As she was past child-bearing, the babe made his entry into the world under the pressure of great difficulties. As soon as it was born it was wrapped in swaddling clothes by two respectable and scientific doctors, Boutwell and Bingham, and given in charge of an old nurse named Ben Butler, who was directed to carry it tenderly in her arms to its cradle in the Senate. As she has a squint in her optics and is cock-eyed, it is now supposed she fell down and damaged the bantling, before it received baptism from its god-mother, the Senate, and so after it was hurt, it lingered many days. Sometimes it would revive and show signs of life, and then its friends who lived afar off were regaled with the news that impeachment was rising and would soon be a large thing and kick Andy Johnson out of the fine mansion he lived in and put in his place, its great uncle, a "sturdy" old gentleman named Ben Wade. Day by day its evil-eyed nurse bent over it and administered potions and syrups and soothing remedies, but it continued to grow worse. On the 16th ult., seven eminent physicians, who were in the room during its entire sickness, gave it a sleeping draught from which it never awakened; and on the 26th ult., it passed to that "bountiful whence no traveller ever returns." It was buried in the subterranean vaults of the Capitol. Somewhere close to Mrs. Sumratt and John Wilkes Booth, perhaps. "After life's fitful fever, it sleeps well. Resquiescat in pace! E pluribus unum! Sic transit gloria mundi! Vox populi Dei!"

The Seven Recusants.

Many things connected with the impeachment will stand out in our history with great prominence. The hope and confidence of the President in his final acquittal through all the varying phases of the angust farce, the zeal and ferocity of the managers and the learned speeches and arguments will all pass to their appropriate places in our annals; but no event will be read with more interest than the mainly conduct of the seven Senators who dared to do right, to vote according to their honest convictions, to respect justice and honor law; who despite the pressure of the thumb screws and appliances of party torture, regarded their oaths and refused to bow the knee to the idols of party passion. These men will be held in lasting remembrance. They will not be pointed out as members of any political organization, but as American statesmen who, when the government was drifting into anarchy and confusion, arrested the mad hand of triumph power. The man and not the partisan will receive honor.

The unmerited slander and abuse that have pursued the independent Senators are without parallel both for indecency and violence, but it will fall unheeded on the ears of the people. They will accept the action of these men as a pledge of their honesty and grant them their confidence and esteem.

Mr. A. H. H. Stuart, in a letter to John T. Stewart, of Illinois, says the Democracy in Virginia would prefer Pendleton as the candidate for the Presidency, but will stand by the choice of the Convention, leaving the matter mainly in the hands of the Northern Democracy.

Now that impeachment is over, it is to be hoped that the Radicals in Congress will try to pay a little attention to something else besides mere schemes for partisan aggrandizement.

WHAT THEY THINK OF EMMET OGDEN.—Grant says that Colfax is the most popular man in the country, and Colfax says he would rather have the honor of being second on a ticket with Grant than be President. They are delighted with each other. It is the old game of "you tickle me, and I'll tickle you."

Lexington and Big Sandy R. R. Sold.

We are glad to announce to our readers that this road has been sold by the owners. The terms of the sale are embodied in the following proposition which has been accepted:

"We, George Robertson, W. T. Nichols, William H. Smith, Richard Apperson, Executor of Richard Apperson, dec'd, Richard Reid, Administrator of John White, dec'd, D. L. Price, J. M. Tipton, B. J. Peters and W. H. Winn, part owners of the Lexington & Big Sandy Railroad, Western Division, propose to sell our interest in said road to Nathaniel Thayer, H. H. Hunnewell, Matthias Ellis, Walter Hunnewell, William Whiting, Ernest Comings, Richard Heckscher, Stephen Van Rensselaer, P. H. Watson, Amasa Stone and their associates, for and in consideration of the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to be taken in stock in said Road, to be secured to us at the completion of said Road, free from any and all debts, liabilities and incumbrances, created or incurred in building said Road and putting it in running order.

We sell just all the interest, right and title to right of way, depot grounds and franchises that we have and no others; warranting neither further than we have a clear right to the same.

The said Thayer and his associates, or any of them, to commence work on the Road on the West side of Grayson, Carter county, by the 1st day of January, A. D. 1869, and continue to prosecute said work with diligence, reasonable energy and force, and have it completed by the 1st of January 1873; the Road to be completed from Lexington to Mt. Sterling within two years from the 1st of January, A. D. 1869; Winchester to be a point in the road from Lexington to Mount Sterling. That said Nathaniel Thayer and his associates will forfeit and pay to said Robertson and others ten thousand dollars as agreed damages if they fail to complete said Road within the times stipulated unless they shall be impeded in the work by disturbances in the country beyond the power of the civil authority to control or prevent, or which shall not be prevented or controlled by the civil authority; in which case of impediment the forfeiture is not to be enforced.

In case said Thayer and his associates render themselves liable to the forfeiture above provided for by failure to complete the said Road as herein stipulated, then the work done by said Thayer and his associates or any of them, as herein provided, up to January 1st, 1873, shall be inspected and valued by a competent commission, at the expense of said Thayer and his associates and said Thayer and his associates shall be entitled to stock in the said Lexington & Big Sandy Railroad equivalent reckoned *pro rata*, to the assessed money value of the work so done."

From the character and wealth and Railroad enterprise of the purchasers, we have no doubt that every letter of the contract will be complied with and that the Road will be built according to the stipulations.

We congratulate our citizens on the new fields of wealth and business that this Road will open up before our town, county and the whole of North Eastern Kentucky.

Stanton.

This individual whose grievances were the alpha and the omega of impeachment has resigned. He has come out of his fortified places. He has eluded the vigilance of Grant's sentinels, and like the Arab folded his tent and stole silently away.—The locks of the War Department have been opened and the bars and bolts undone. As impeachment was set on foot for his benefit and has died without leaving him any legacy, he felt it his duty to abdicate. In other words, he held on to his fortress until the heat on the outside walls warmed him and drove him out. Little credit does he deserve for yielding to necessity. The shameless persistence with which he clung to his office when he was unwelcome as a member of the Cabinet and a counsellor of the President, shows him in his true light, a turbulent, vindictive Jacobin. Let him pass from public notice. He is an eye-sore to decency. Let him hide his brazen forehead in the shades of private life. Let his name be dropped from the papers and be unpronounced by the people. Let him go speedily to the infamy already being meted out to him. The hotbeds of Radicalism have produced many strange and monstrous growths, but none more monstrous and unsightly than Stanton. He retires with the hearty curses of millions of freemen on his head.

A Chicago telegram to the New York *Leader* says: "The nomination of Colfax was brought about by a necessity for divulging a fact previously kept secret.—Grant is to run to give prestige to the ticket, but he is pledged not to qualify as President. This leaving a vacancy, puts the Vice in, and keeps Grant where he is, to be at the head of the army for life. For some weeks past Grant has been wishing to write a peremptory withdrawal. He finally consented to accept the nomination, but not pledge himself to take the place. This is very satisfactory to the revolutionists. Colfax was nominated because the most diplomatic, ingenious and plausible of all, and therefore, most trustworthy; and he is really to be the President if the ticket gets elected. The South-east and West were worked upon; and Wade and Wilson are to have Cabinet places for the practical withdrawal."

Butler.

The hero of Fort Fisher and the tyrant of New Orleans, dreading that his occupation of playing the bully might be taken from him, when impeachment came to its end, has trumped up a "smoking committee" of which he seems to be the head, and true to his instincts is poking his nose and throwing the villainous radiance of his twisted eyes into other people's affairs. The ostensible object of this committee is said to be to find out whether any undue influences, money bribes especially, were used in controlling the votes of Senators on the impeachment. What right the House has to be the judges of Senators' conduct and to sit in judgment upon them, we do not understand; nor can we understand why the Senate would suffer such an outrage without some protest. But the idea of Ben Butler being the censor *thorith* of the Senate is ridiculous. It is a buttresque on honesty that his immaculate hands should rake among Senatorial corruptions. He hunting down rascality! He inquiring whether anybody has been bought with money! What a preacher of righteousness Satan has become! If the object be to ferret out all undue influences that were brought to bear upon Senators and to correct the morals of all delinquents, why is not Gen. Stedman called before the committee? It is understood he will depose that Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, offered to sell his vote and those of three others for forty thousand dollars, but no buyer could be found. Why is not this little transaction looked into and brought to the light of day? Why are private despatches seized, private papers searched and citizens imprisoned by the tyrants because they refuse to answer inquiries about their private business? Let Stedman take the stand; but Pomeroy voted for impeachment, he is too pure to be looked after. Only those who voted against the articles are to be investigated.

The whole of this bluster and bravado about corruption and bribery, is but a disguise to kick up to hide the retreat from the field of impeachment. As Butler was chief bully in the trial he is now chief bully in the Committee. As he stormed at the opposing counsel, so he now browbeats and insults witnesses. The place fits Butler and he fits the place. It reminds him of Norfolk, where he oppressed and squelched school-teachers and unoffending women. The rattle of the chains of the Capitol dungeon is pleasant music to his ears.

Progress.

The mongrel legislators in Arkansas have enacted that no person, without having previously taken the oath as prescribed by the new Constitution of the State, shall practice medicine or preach the gospel, teach school, act as steamboat captain, as pilot, as engineer, as mate, edit or publish a paper, run a ferry-boat, keep a toll-bridge or saloon, act as auctioneer, as mail contractor, carry on the business of merchant or keep a stallion.

"The prohibitions are broad and sweeping and a violation of the edict is punishable by imprisonment for not less than two nor more than ten years in the penitentiary."

There is an evident oversight in the above law. It should have provided that no man should marry without taking the oath. It is certainly as cruel to curtail the breed of horses as to stop the increase of the population of the State.

"The Lexington Statesman says there is a 'considerable demand now for a good life of Gen. Grant,' and recommends the one written by Mr. Dana, of the New York Sun, and Gen. J. H. Wilson. We do not like to appear meddlesome, but would suggest the life of Ulysses written by his father, and published in the New York *Ledger*, is in every way worthy of the subject."

MORE EVIDENCE AGAINST THE PURE POMEROY.—The dispatches inform us that Thurlow Weed, of New York, publishes a card in his paper—The Commercial Advertiser—over his own signature, in which he distinctly charges Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, with having intended to sell his own and two other Radical votes to the President, for acquittal. Senators Nye and Tipton are the two others mentioned as being accessible in the market, although Weed does not charge that they were cognizant of the proposition to sell them out.

Gen. Schofield has been confirmed by the Senate as Secretary of War, and was sworn in on Monday. Gen. Stone-man takes command of the first Military District—Schofield's old command.

Anna Dickinson has written a novel, which Messrs. Scribner have refused to publish, because Anna makes too much over her colored heroes and heroines.

Stephen Girard, then whom no more shrewd business man ever lived, gives the following as his experience:

"I have always considered advertising, liberally and long, to be the great medium of success in business, and the prelude to wealth. And I have made it an invariable rule, too, to advertise in the dearest times as well as the busiest, long experience having taught me that money thus spent is well laid out; as by keeping my business continually before the public, it has secured me many sales that I would otherwise have lost."

Card from John E. Cooper, Esq.,
WEST LIBERTY, KY., May 29, 1868.

To the voters of this Judicial District, and the different aspirants in said District for Commonwealth's Attorney; I see a card in the columns of the SENTINEL, from John W. Kendall, addressed to you in which he alludes to the unfortunate results of the late Democratic Convention which assembled in the town of Mount Sterling, on the 9th inst, at Tenby Hall. There being many aspirants for the office of Commonwealth's Attorney, he seems to fear that it will bring about a disruption in the Democratic party, and he proposes to the various Democratic aspirants for the office of Commonwealth's Attorney, to yield his candidacy and leave the track alone to Robert Riddle, with the proviso that the other Democratic candidates for said office would do likewise.

I being one of the aspirants for said office, and having been a Democrat all my life, and demonstrated my fidelity to that great party, both at home and in the field, I am ready and willing to make almost any sacrifice for the promotion of the Democratic party, believing as I do that constitutional and religious liberty and the full and free enjoyment of the sacred rights of conscience depend upon the success of that party.

It has been my misfortune to have suffered for the sake of my political faith, but it has also been a pride to me to have borne the best testimony to the purity of my intentions by the meekness of my endurance, and am ready to offer up all my claims or pretensions to office for the success of my party, and I now propose to said John W. Kendall to yield the contest and leave the track open to (I hope) more competent aspirants than either Kendall or myself, provided he will do the same. Mr. Kendall has been in office all his life. He was elected to the office of County Attorney, in this (Morgan) county, even before he was constitutionally eligible, and held the same without intermission up to the inception of the late war, and when the war was concluded he asked the Democracy to give him a seat in the Kentucky Legislature, and the Democracy of this District honored him with the position which he now holds. I have never held an office by the gift of the people in my life, neither do I ever desire one, if the holding of the same would be detrimental to my political party in any way.

With sentiments of profound gratitude to those who gave me their support in the late Convention, I am
Respectfully yours,
JOHN E. COOPER.

Card from J. M. Crawford, Esq.,
MR. EDITOR:

The aspirants for the office of Commonwealth's Attorney in this district have noticed a letter from Mr. Kendall, of Morgan, in which he states that he will withdraw from the track in favor of Mr. Riddle, of Estill, if the other candidates will withdraw.

I did not know that I would be called on by friends to become a candidate for this office, neither can I say like my friend Metcalfe, that it is the first time I was ever a candidate for office. Yet I can appreciate fully his feelings upon withdrawal, for I know, as far as I am concerned, "the galled jade hath yielded." I have consented, repeatedly since the Convention with my friends. They desire to support Mr. Riddle and have made so. I shall cheerfully, and now withdraw unconditionally in his favor, believing that he honestly received the nomination. That he is worthy, and entitled by pure and unselfish motive to receive the suffrages of the people of the District. The other aspirants I believe to be capable, and honest, clever gentlemen.

Respectfully, your friend,
J. M. CRAWFORD.
June 2, 1868.

Letter from Morgan.
WEST LIBERTY, KY., May 29, 1868.
EDITOR SENTINEL:

There seems to be a perfect calm in politics here just now, the Morgan Democracy is gathering its strength to deal its heaviest blows upon the enemy in the approaching struggle for the supremacy of a white man's government upon this continent.

Farming interests have suffered terribly in this region in consequence of the continued rains, and many of our farmers are not yet doing planting. The fruit crop is almost an entire failure.

We are watching with much interest all the movements looking to a speedy completion of the Lexington and Big Sandy Railroad, and hope are long the short of the Iron Horse will wake the sleeping echoes of our mountains, and bear off upon his iron nerves, the coal, lumber and building stone, in which this region abounds to a good market. Our mountains are nature's great store houses in which are deposited the elements of unbounded wealth, and it needs but the magic touch of enterprise to throw wide their doors and open up avenues to fortune for our people.

The disciples of "lazy Isaac" are just now having rare sport in the Licking. A few days since P. B. Turner captured an ancient cut fish weighing 23 lbs. and 9 oz. and J. T. Hazebrieg "taking in out of the wet" two mammoth specimens of the pike fish measuring 3 feet in length. Should you desire to "drop a line" I would advise you to visit the Licking this spring, and should circumstances intervene and cut off a spring visit, I hope during the "heated term" to have the pleasure of welcoming you to the sylvan shades and cool retreats of our mountains.

I was glad to notice in a recent number of the SENTINEL a communication urging the claims of Hon. Thos. M. Green for the nomination as the Democratic candidate for Congress. I think the Democracy of

the District owe it to him for the gallant canvass he made against McKee, and for his manly stand in favor of the rights of the bleeding and ruined South. He is just the man we want, and if the party will but place its flag in his hands all will be right.
Yours,
"CONFED."

Wendell Phillips, the man who does the brain-work for the Radicals, has made a terrible onslaught upon the nominees and platform of the Chicago Convention.

New Advertisements.

FARM FOR SALE.

WE offer for sale at a bargain the residence of the late Newton Lane, in Bath county containing

235 1-2 Acres,
Seven miles from Mt. Sterling, 4 from Sharpsburg, and 20 from Paris. The turnpike between the two first named places is within one mile and it is almost certain that a mile in the direction of Owingsville will shortly pass through the premises. There is a substantial

BRICK DWELLING!
and the usual out houses; orchard, never failing springs, stock water and abundance of excellent timber. The late owner has taken the utmost care of the farm for fifty years past, and we can safely say, the soil is in as good condition as any in the State. There is no better hemp or stock farm anywhere. Possession given the 15th of November next.

Silas H. Lane living near the farm will show it, or address SILAS BARKLEY, Winchester, Clark County.
WM. A. LANE.

Paris Citizen copy to amount of \$5 and charge this office.
June 4, 1868.

JNO. W. CLAY. ALBERT CLAY.

JNO. W. CLAY & SON,

WHOLESALE

Liquor Dealers,

Forwarding & Commission

MERCHANTS,

AND DEALERS IN

WOOL, FEATHERS, BACON,

And Produce Generally.

MOUNT STERLING, KY.

We have now on hand

1,000 Barrels of Whiskey,

—FROM—

1 to 5 Years Old,

Which we will sell in bond or out of bond.

Our Stock consists of choice

OLD BOURBON.

In barrels and bottles,

FINE FRENCH BRANDY,

Champagne Wine,

Native Wine,

Ginger Wine,

—AND—

Rectified Whisky,

Which we will keep on hand a good

SUPPLY OF SALT,

Which we will sell at reasonable prices.

We are prepared to receive all kinds of storage on the most reasonable terms. Our personal attention will be given to the sale and shipment of all goods consigned to our care.

JOHN W. CLAY & SON.

June 4.

Farm for Sale.

On Wednesday, 17th day of June, I will sell to the highest bidder at public auction, my

Montgomery Farm,

Lying on the waters of Hinkston Creek, about six miles from Mt. Sterling, and about the same distance from Sharpsburg, about 2 1-2 miles east of the Mayville pike, containing about

114 ACRES of No. 1 LAND

In a good state of cultivation. The Farm is nearly all well set in

Blue-Grass, Timothy & Clover,
Is well watered and timbered. Buildings on the same nearly new, and situated convenient to school houses and churches. A very desirable farm and comfortable home. Terms made known on day of sale.

MRS. BETTIE A. STONER.
L. D. Wilson, Auctioneer.
May 21-td.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby warned not to hunt on my farm, as I will enforce the law against all so doing.
HARVEY WILSON.
May 4-td

STATEMENT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

On the 1st day of January, 1868, made to the Auditor of the State of Kentucky, in compliance with an act, entitled "An act to regulate Agencies of Foreign Insurance Companies," approved 3d March, 1856.

FIRST—NAME AND LOCATION.

The name of the Company is the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and is located 144 and 146 Broadway, New York.

SECOND—CAPITAL.

The amount of the Capital Stock is nothing, being purely mutual.

THIRD—ASSETS.

1. Cash on hand and in Bank—Coin	\$66,032 83
2. Real Estate Unincumbered	906,032 67
3. Debts due this Company, secured by mortgage on this Company's Real Estate worth 100 per cent more than the same is mortgaged for, as per vouchers and schedule accompanying	13,703,145 76
4. Debts due the Company, otherwise secured, per vouchers accompanying Agents' balances	4,363 23
5. Premiums in course of collection—say	750,000 00
6. Debts due the Company for premiums deferred, payable quarterly and semi-annually—say	1,000,000
7. The Bonds and Stocks owned by the Company, per vouchers accompanying—how secured, and the rate of interest thereon, to-wit:	
60 shares 3 per cent 1871 Registered U. S. Bonds	\$300,000
50 " " " 1874 Coupon " "	50,000
286 " " " 1881 Registered " "	2,100,550
200 " " " 5-20 " " "	2,000,000
10 " " " 10-40 " " "	50,000
Seven per cent New York State Bonds	500,000
Total	\$3,000,550
Total market value	\$5,367,221 06
Interest due and unpaid	6,004 45
accrued not yet due	219,679 86
Premium on gold	23,113 94
Reverend Stamps	5,000 00
Total Assets of the Company	\$23,985,057 97

LIABILITIES.

The amount of liabilities, due and not due, to banks & other creditors	\$000,000
Losses unadjusted and due—say	000,000
Losses adjusted and not due	000,000
Losses unadjusted	276,340 47
Losses in suspense waiting further proof	000,000
All other claims against the Company	900,000
Total Liabilities	\$267,340 47

STATE OF NEW YORK,
City and County of New York, } ss.

Richard A. McCurdy, Vice President, and John M. Stuart, Secretary, of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, being severally sworn, depose and say, and each for himself says, that the foregoing is a full, true, and correct statement of the affairs of the said Company—that the said Insurance Company is the bona fide owner of at least One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars of actual Cash Assets invested in Stocks and Bonds, or in Mortgages on unincumbered Real Estate, worth One Hundred per cent more than the same is mortgaged for; that the above described investments, nor any part thereof, are made for the benefit of any individual exercising authority in the management of said Company, nor for any other person or persons whatever; that the mortgages above described have not been assigned, nor in any manner released or impaired by said Company; and that they are the above described officers of the said Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, Vice President.
JNO. M. STUART, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Commissioner of Kentucky, in and for said County of New York, State of New York, this 4th day of May, 1868.

[SEAL.] MOSES B. MACLAY,
Ky. Commissioner in the City of New York.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the original on file in this office.

In witness whereof, I have hereto set my hand and affixed my official seal, the day and year above written.

[SEAL.] D. HOWARD SMITH, Auditor.

No. 272—Original.

This is to certify that Thomas Metcalfe, Agent of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, at Mt. Sterling, Montgomery county, has filed in this office the statement and exhibits required by the provisions of an act, entitled "An act to regulate Agencies of Foreign Insurance Companies," approved March 3, 1856, and it having been shown to the satisfaction of the undersigned that said Company is possessed of an actual capital of at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, as required by said act, the said Thomas Metcalfe, as Agent as aforesaid, is hereby licensed and permitted to take risks and transact business of insurance, at his office, in Mt. Sterling, for the term of one year from the date hereof. But this license may be revoked if it shall be made to appear to the undersigned that, since the filing of the statements above referred to, the available capital of said Company has been reduced below one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

In testimony whereof, I have set my hand, the day and year above written.

[SEAL.] D. HOWARD SMITH, Auditor.

THOS. METCALFE, Agent, Mt. Sterling.

Ayer's

Hair Vigor,

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth. Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,

LOWELL, MASS.

PRICE \$1.00.

J. T. BREEN, Sole Agent, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

ALLEN & CO., Cincinnati, Wholesale Agents.

LOCAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

CLAY & SON.—These gentlemen having sold their store house to Samuels & Jordan, have discontinued the grocery business and entered into the wholesale liquor business. They have on hand at the present time a large stock of liquors of various kinds, which they will sell in or out of bond, as cheap as the same quality of liquor can be had in any market in the United States. They will, as heretofore, sell all kinds of country produce at the best market price. They keep always on hand a large stock of salt, which they will sell at low-down prices.

TRIAL OF OWENS.—On Tuesday of last week Mr. Joe M. Owens was examined by Judge Garret of this place upon charges: First, that of obtaining a large toll under false pretenses, and secondly, forgery. He was acquitted on the first charge and held over to appear at the next term of the Montgomery circuit court on the second. The bail was fixed at \$4,000, which he gave—James McCray and Mr. John Owens going upon the bail bond. This case has excited much feeling throughout the county, we refrain from expression until after the final trial.

Mount Sterling Markets.		
Fully Corrected every week by C. J. Glover		
Wholesale and Retail Grocer.		
Prime to Choice Rio		26@28c
Go't Java	" Java "	37@40c
New Orleans		36@38c
Cuba and Porto Rico		35@40c
Soft White Refined		14@15c
Hard "		17@18c
		19@20c
		\$1 @ 1 25
per		\$1 00
Merch—per bbl.		\$1 @ 20 15
" bbl.		\$10 @ 12
seeds		\$2 75 @ 30 00
		75c
		14@15c
		\$8 @ 50 10
		\$1 75
		\$3 25 @ 50 10
		60c
		70
at—choice white		\$2 25
" red		\$2 00
er—choice Family per bbl.		\$15 50 @ 16 00
in	superfine	10 00
er	superfine	20 @ 28c
washed		37 @ 40c
n—hor' round		15c

We are authorized to announce JAMES
SIMBLE as a candidate for the office of Sher-
iff at the ensuing August election, subject to a
primary election of a Democratic convention.

000 Pounds Wool, P
nted by
il 23-16
C. J. GLOVER.

CE, STYLE & QUALITY.

Respectfully,
JOHNSON & THOMPSON

with their patronage. I feel fully sustained in the assertion, that it is one of the best hotels in Eastern Kentucky.

linware as cheap as they can buy the
the cities.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, particularly along the edges, suggesting it is old. There is no text or other markings on the page.

[From the Sunday Crescent.]
A Head Exposes the Kuk-Lux-Klan.
CITY HOTEL,
[Which is in New Orleans.]
April 11.

I have joined 'em. I am a K. K. K. feller. I run the risk of dying some day (or night), but I am going to unblock myself and make a public exposure of the K. K. K. *Ph. Montpelier.*

Once upon a time, when night had spread her sable mantle o'er the earth, and pinned it with a moon, I went to bed. People often go to bed at night, with the exception of the K. K. K.'s who never go to bed and who never sleep. They have ears but they see not; they have eyes but they hear not.

The clocks on the cupola of the Crescent office had tolled forth the hour of twelve; the stuffed owl in the Crescent City Museum had gone to roost; the statue of Henry Clay reposed in silence in a perpendicular position; the snakes had ceased their croaking; the frogs their biting; the mosquitoes had begun humming; and "all went merry as a marriage bell"—to her lash! I was sleeping in my couch of chouches like a June bug in January, but I did not snore. I never snore. Ever, anybody would do it, I presume, if it was fashionable. But to resume.

As I said, it was past midnight, and I was dreaming of my country seat, (a stool with three legs,) when I was startled suddenly by a cold clammy, shrimpy hand upon my forehead. I awoke, and arose up in bed to discover a figure clothed in white sitting upon my bed. He (I suppose he was a he) held in his right hand a tawny candle burning blue, and in his left a sky rocket; his eyes were glaring balls of red fire, and he had two horns in his forehead, besides several which he had taken in his mouth. As I awoke he waved the torch three times around his head and beckoned, like Hamlet's ghost, for me to follow him. I arose from my bed and followed—entirely in white! He led me through winding streets, up dark alleys, and finally brought me to a graveyard. All this time he had never, for a moment, taken his eyes off of me. Arrived in the center of the graveyard, beside an unburied skeleton between two thorn bushes, he shot off his rocket, and glaring upon me, said:

"Mortuary mortal, I come from the bloody den of the bob tailed scorpions. I am 'the chiefest among 10,000, and the 10,000 among thee.' You see here before you the specter of the Great Tribe of the Demonic Deathly Dragons. I am sent to warn, to defy, to drag you to danger. See the scorpion's tongue has hissed; See the dirge of death is done; See the bloody grave has gaped! Behold!"

I looked, and saw in letters of blood upon the skeleton before me, and surround me, letters of fire:

I AM DEAD!
(Illustrated by coffin and daggers.)
I gazed in horror, and exclaimed, in petulant accents: "I believe ye, my boy?" and fainted.

When I recovered myself, (and my wallet) I found that I was transported to a subterranean dungeon beneath terra firma. It had all the appearance of a place that was worse than the Place itself. There were blue lights, blue fellers and blue flames.

Even "the lights burned blue." The 400th paragraph states that. Any paragraph going might state the same thing. Brightly the "taller tip" candles "stone o'er" (through) fare women and brave men!

When I had been taken inside the dungeon, I felt that I was done! I was introduced to a hard crowd in hard times. They formed around me (the crowd and not the times), and in a deep, sepulchral tone that shook the cave, said:

"Whence comes this mortuary mortal, and is he trooly rural?"
My conductor answered for me, and said in tones of thunder (and lightning):
"He can keep a hotel; he can sing like a martingale, swim like an angel, gamble on the green, and is loil to the corps!"

"Let him pass," said the tycoon, who thought I hadn't a "full hand."
I passed, and found myself in the inner chamber, where I saw nothing but thunder, the yells of demons and the rattling of chains; I heard nothing but lightning, the flash of gunpowder and the last ditch, and I dreamed the dreams of the d(un)ready!

A mangled corpse stood upon a pyramid of skulls, and holding in his right hand a coffin and in his left hand a (pristine man) coughn' two, he exclaimed:

"Mortal, I am the Bloody Butcher of the Bogus Blunders of Babylon. Swear to keep our secrets, or die."

As I didn't care to die, I swore.
Then I was totally surrounded by demons as looked like devils, not one of whom brought their shirts at Gump's, who shrieked!

He swears by the fiery dragon found in ferocious furnaces by fellers from Felicia that he does not, never did, and never will again, so help him Felis!

I was then stabbed by a small sword, which was held in the hands of every demon in pantalons around me, then dragged, boiled in a caldron, set upon a hot grid-iron, slid down a gangplank, walked over cakes of ice, mutilated in the hair of my head, and finally tattooed and scalped!

I was dragged through tubular boilers to the tune of the "Rogue's March,"

stripped to the suit of clothes in which I was born, powdered to atoms, and told that I had a mission to perform to all outside barbarians—which was to annihilate every living thing, and to kill every decade member of society. I acted seed.

"Do you swear?"
"I swear."
I was then clothed with habiliments of woe, trust into a den of worms with only one bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and told to await the action of the Lapsachment Committee.

"Charlie, I was very much shocked to hear you singing 'Pop goes the weasel' in church!"
"Well, mamma, I heard everybody else singing, and it was the only tune I knew."

A writer dwelling on the importance of a small thing, that he always takes note even of a straw, especially if there happens to be a cherry-cobbler at one end.

NEW FIRM!


THE undersigned having purchased the DRUG ESTABLISHMENT of Messrs. Seaton & Blatterman, have this day formed a co-partnership under the style of

SEATON & BLATTERMAN,
and will continue the

DRUG BUSINESS
In all its various branches, at the old stand

Corner Second & Court Streets,
Where they will be pleased to receive the customers of the house and the trade generally. Possessing

Unsurpassed Facilities,
Long experience in the business, and personal knowledge of the

Requirements of the Trade!
They feel assured of being able to give

THOROUGH SATISFACTION.
To all who may favor them with their orders. We keep on hand a large supply of the best brands of

Coal Oil,
Which we offer at

CINCINNATI PRICES,
With addition of Freight.

We are also in receipt of a full supply of

LANDRETH'S
Garden Seeds,
Which we offer to the trade in papers at

Landreth's Prices!
All orders attended to with the utmost promptness.

JOHN A. SEATON,
Geo. W. BLATTERMAN,
Maysville, Ky., Jan. 1, 1868.

R. G. JAVARY'S CO.,
At the well known house of A. M. January of 50 years standing,

WHOLESALE GROCERS
Liquor Dealers,
Forwarding & Com'sion Merchants

AND DEALERS IN
Wool, Feathers, Bacon
AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.
Nos. 2, 4, 6, 8 & 10, Second Street,
(Corner Sutton) MAYSVILLE, KY.

WOULD especially call the attention of shippers to our facilities for attending to the Commission and Forwarding Business. Our Warehouses are

Large, Commodious & Fire-Proof.
Charges Reasonable, and a saving of from 20 to 30 per cent in favor of our city. Our stock of

Groceries and Liquors
Of every description is complete, and can always be had on short notice.

Duplicate Cincinnati Bills
For CASH, or thirty days to punctual customers. Agents for the Kanawha Salt Company. Save money and buy salt in Maysville.
Jan. 23-44.

HARDWARE!
Boots, Shoes and Hats.

Wholesale House
MAYSVILLE, KY.

ALL Goods bought direct from Manufacturers for cash. OUR EXPENSES being so light enables us to sell goods lower than any jobbing house West.

OWENS & BARKLEY,
Jan. 23

M. C. O'CONNELL,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCER
AND LIQUOR DEALER,
Corner Court House Square and Maysville Street,
Mt. Sterling, Ky.

His stock consists of the best choice Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES!
Pure Copper and Domestic Liquors, Wines, Brandies, Gins, Whiskey, Ale,

Tea, Coffee,
Choice Granulated, Pulverized, Refined, White and Yellow

SUGARS,
Pure Syrups, Choice

New Orleans Molasses,
Soda, Star and Summer Candles, Bar Soap, Fancy Soaps, Starch, Cassimere, Pepper, Spice, Cloves, Nutmegs, Copperas,

OYSTERS & SARDINES!
Peaches in Cans and Bottles, Pickles, Sauces, Nails, Washboards, Tubs, Buckets, Blacking, Blacking Brushes,

Kanawha and Table Salt,
Mackerel, White Fish, Elder Vinegar,

FLOUR & MEAL,
Tobacco and Cigars,
Rifle and Blasting Powder, Safety Guns, Gun Caps, Glass, Stone and Queensware,

FANCY NOTIONS,
Fancy and Common Pipes, Fancy Candles, Clifton, and various other articles in his line which goods having been selected with care and purchased for Cash, he will sell as

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST!
With many thanks to the public of Montgomery and the surrounding counties for their liberal patronage in past years, he hopes by fair and honorable dealing, and promptness in execution of all orders, to merit a continuance of their favors.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
For all the purposes of a Laxative Medicine.

Perhaps no one medicine is so universally required by everybody as a cathartic, nor was ever any before so universally adopted into use, in every country and among all classes, as this mild but efficient purgative.

tried it, know that it cures them; those who have not, know that it cures their neighbors and friends, and it is now that it does once it is tried.

It is a more reliable and efficacious remedy than any other. Those who have tried it, know that it cures them; those who have not, know that it cures their neighbors and friends, and it is now that it does once it is tried.

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THE
MT. STERLING MILLS.
BEING completed, competent millers employed, are now in good running order. The machinery is of the best, and latest patterns, and having secured all the

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS
And conveniences, we are enabled to accommodate our friends without detention. We keep always on hand the very best quality of

Flour and Meal for Sale.
ALSO, SHORTS AND BRAN,
Will purchase

WHEAT & CORN,
Or exchange Flour and Meal for same. By diligence and close attention to business, we hope to receive a goodly portion of public patronage.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY & SATURDAY.
P. S.—For the present we will only grind three days in each week.

NEW LIVERY AND SALE STABLE FIRM.
THE undersigned having formed a partnership under the name and style of

Wood & Nelson,
Would respectfully inform the public that they have made arrangements to increase their stock by the addition of

New & Elegant Buggies,
HARNESS, and HORSES for the spring trade, which they will hire at reasonable rates. Horses taken to board by the day, week or month, and carefully attended to by experienced groomers.

Transfers arriving at any hour of the day or night can have their stock promptly taken care of. Mr. A. T. Wood takes this opportunity of thanking his numerous friends and customers for their past favors, and trusts that they will extend their kindness to the new firm.

MT. STERLING, Feb. 20, 1868-19.

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HOFFMAN & CO'S COLUMN
HARDWARE!
At the Sign of the

HOFFMAN & CO.,
Main St., Mt. Sterling.

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"Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the world."
Harper's New Monthly Magazine.
Critical Notices of the Press.
The most popular Monthly in the world.—
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We must refer in terms of eulogy to the high tone and varied excellences of Harper's Magazine—a journal with a monthly circulation of about 170,000 copies—in whose pages are to be found some of the choicest light and general reading of the day. We speak of this work as an evidence of the culture of the American people, and the popularity it has acquired is merited. Each Number contains fully 144 pages of reading-matter appropriately illustrated with good woodcuts, and combines in itself the ready monthly and the more philosophical quarterly, blended with the best features of the daily journal. It has great power in the dissemination of a love of pure literature.—*Truth's Guide to American Literature, London.*

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FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

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"The Best, Cheapest, and most successful Family Paper in the Union."

The model Newspaper of our country—complete in all the departments of an American Family Paper—Harper's Weekly has earned for itself a right to its title, "A Journal of Civilization."—*New York Evening Post.*

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FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

"A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction."
HARPER'S BAZAR.

The Publishers will commence, on November 1st, the issue of Harper's Bazar a Weekly Illustrated Journal, devoted to Fashion and Home Literature. Their aim is two-fold: to supply the existing need of a Weekly Fashion Newspaper, and to combine therewith a first-class literary journal, which will be indispensable to every household.

Arrangements have been made, at an immense cost, with the most celebrated of the Fashion Papers of Europe, especially with the famous *Bazar of Berlin*, which supplies the fashion to the leading journals of Paris, to furnish the same to them in advance, so that henceforth the fashions will appear in Harper's Bazar simultaneously with their publication in Paris and Berlin—an advantage enjoyed by no other journal in the country.

The Editors of Harper's Bazar will receive every fortnight large pattern-plates, containing from forty to fifty full-sized patterns of ladies', misses', and children's bonnets, cloaks, dresses, under-clothing, and other articles accompanied with the necessary descriptions and directions, and occasionally an elegant Colored Fashion Plate of the size of Harper's Weekly.

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